

William Lloyd

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETST FLOWERS BRICKS, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1811

1149.

THE MISERY OF HUMAN LIFE.

An Eastern Tale.

"His protracted, is protracted woe." Johnson.

AGIB, the son of HANAN, weary of attending the flock, and disgusted with the listless solitude of a country life, arose early in the morning, took his staff in his hand, and departed from his father's house. Imagination flattered him, that in the busy scenes of active life he would find contentment; and that the amusements of the city would afford him satisfactory delight. He was ignorant that vexation and anguish attend misery and disappointment, care where to be found, and knew not that in the case of his unassisted and his bosom.

He ascended a mountain which afforded a prospect of the country he had left behind him. The trees, just risen, shone full on the cottage of HANAN, the unfolded flocks were browsing upon the hills, and the sound of the shepherd's pipe echoed among the valleys.

From this scene of innocent simplicity AGIB turned without regret, and descended into a desert, over which he was to travel. His path was rugged and sandy, and presented no object to cheer the eye, or gladden the heart, for all around him was barren uniformly. But his ardor was not to be extinguished, nor his purpose shaken by external circumstances. As he proceeded on his way, his heart beat high with the hope of felicity, and desire of enjoyment animated his progress; he thought every step was a step from misery, and that discontent and misery were left behind him in the valley of Zagen.

Towards noon the sun began to beat upon his back, and the heat became excessive. He was parched with thirst, and ready to faint. He looked around him with eager solicitude, but could discover no shrub to afford him shelter, nor a stream at which he might allay his thirst. He began to repent his temerity, and his spirits were ready to sink; but buoyed up by the whispers of expectation, he still advanced. At length the heat began to abate as the evening approached; but this circumstance added but little to the comfort of AGIB, for he was now afraid that night would overtake him in the solitary desert. Stimulated by this consideration, he pressed on with renewed vigor, and had just reached the foot of a mountain, when the sun was sinking behind a summit. About midway he discovered a few trees planted together, which, at a distance, appeared to be an arbour; but when his heart bounded with joy, when, on approaching nearer, he discovered a hermit sitting on a bench at the entrance of his cell.

AGIB approached, and saluted him with reverence. HANAN rose from his seat and welcomed him. "My Son," said he, "if thou hast lost thy way, or art afraid of being bewitched, you are welcome to the shelter which my cell can afford." AGIB thanked him for his kindness, and gladly accepted his offer. The hermit led him in, and placed fruit before him, and brought water from the fountain to drink. When he had finished his simple repast, "Tell me, my son,"

said the hermit, "wherefore thou art here, and why thou hast quit the desert without companions?" "I am here," answered AGIB, "in quest of happiness. I have spent my youth in feeding the flocks of my father, but weary of my occupation, and having heard of the pleasure to be enjoyed in the haunts of busy men, I have spent some years in cherishing hopes and forming resolutions, till my impatience can no longer be controlled, and I have this morning set on foot hopes that change of circumstances will remove the misery which preys upon my heart." The hermit surveyed him with looks of pity mingled with compassion. "My son (said he) to convince thee that thou art seeking what cannot be found, and pursuing a phantom that will elude your grasp, listen to the story of SELIM, the whom misfortune hath chastened, and whom disappointment hath blasted."

"My father was a merchant of the city of Schiraz, he was industrious and frugal, and the wealth of different nations flowed into his coffers. But the blessing of the poor did not fall upon him; he supplied not the wants of penury, nor wiped the tear from the eye of indigent distress. I had just completed my twentieth year, when he died, and left me sole inheritor of his vast possessions."

"In compliance with his dying injunction I continued in trade, and added to my riches, which were already more than sufficient. I travelled into different countries, and my mind was gratified by beholding the manners of men. Returning with a caravan, we stopped to give drink to our camels at the wells of Arnoos. It was there walking with her maidens that I beheld ZULIMA. Her shape was formed by the hand of symmetry, and her countenance was fairer than the daughters of Omir. I gazed on her with admiration; I sighed, I trembled. We proceeded on our journey, and soon reached our home."

"The joy of my domesticity, and the congratulations of my friends at my return, were for the first time heard with comparative indifference. Avarice had taken possession of my soul, and my heart was harassed, alternately, by hope and fear. Amidst the toils of business, the bustle of company, and the stillness of solitude the image of ZULIMA presented itself before my fancy. I beheld her surrounded by her maidens, moving with dignity, and the smile of benignity beaming upon her countenance; I imagined her represented her as more than mortal, and flattered me with the hope of possessing so much beauty. But when I reflected that destiny had perhaps forever separated us, that the night might be averted to my suit, or was engaged to another, hope gave place to fear, and my mind was racked by the horrors of despair."

"But at length discovering the folly of indulging hopes that might be fallacious, and fears which might be groundless, I determined to put an end to conjecture. Accordingly I returned to Arnoos and solicited and obtained her favor, and her father having been informed of my wealth, gladly consented to our union. Our nuptials were celebrated with pomp and revelry, and I brought her to my dwelling amidst the sound of music and the shouts of congratulation."

"I now congratulated myself on having reached the summit of human felicity. In possessing ZULIMA, I thought I possessed all that my heart could wish; and fondly anticipated years of unmingled happiness. Life passed away in gaiety and profusion; the morning awakened me to renew to daylight, and the evening overtook me in the midst of pleasure."

"Thus rolled away the first six months of our marriage, at the end of which period business of importance demanded my presence in a distant city. When I communicated this intelligence to ZULIMA, she threw her arms around my neck, and burst into tears. I clasped her to my bosom, kissed the tears from her cheeks, breathed a prayer of gratitude for possessing such a wife, and promised to return at the end of forty days."

"I set out on my journey, and fortune being propitious to my wishes, my business was executed much sooner than I expected. I returned to Lomar with the speed of a lover, and arrived ten days sooner than I had promised. It was midnight, and I determined to surprise ZULIMA. I entered my house by a private door, and hastened to her apartment, eager to salute her; but judge my astonishment, my indignation, and my rage, when I beheld the beauty of my soul, the source of my dearest joys, asleep in the arms of a stranger. In my fury I drew my sabre, and stabbed them both to the heart; and lifting up my arm I would have plunged into my own bosom, when a peal of thunder shook the walls of the building, and the angel of him who formed the mountains stood before me. "Farewell, rash mortal," said the messenger, "nor dare I hurt defiance against the Omnipotent. Thou hast executed the will of heaven in punishing the guilty; and now behold the fallacy of thy hopes, and the vanity of thy expectations! To inform thee of what thou knowest not am I sent. The governor of the province hath set his heart upon thy riches, and to-morrow will seek thy life. Fly then while it is yet in thy power to fly, and in the calmness of solitude learn resignation to the decrees of unerring wisdom, and purify thine heart by meditation and prayer." He said, and stretching forth his pinions, flew back to heaven."

"I arose from the earth whither I had fallen, and opening a coffer, took from it some gold as I thought would be sufficient, and with a sorrowful heart I quitted my dwelling. Fear gave speed to my steps, and before the sun arose I had left the scenes of my youth and my happiness far behind. After travelling eight days I reached this mountain, and discovered this cavern, and here have I resided ever since. Forty years have passed over me in this cell, nor have I yet a wish to return to that world from which I have retreated."

"My son, from the story of SELIM receive instruction. Hast thou beheld the flower of the valley, in the morning spread forth its leaves, and in the evening droop its head? Hast thou beheld the lightning of heaven, flash for a moment and disappear forever? such is the happiness of man. The joys of life are transient as the gleam of the setting sun upon the mountain; but misery succeeds to misery, as the

waves of the ocean crowd successively upon the shore.

"I have examined the different shades of life and I have found that happiness is distributed with an even hand. If the poor envy the wealth of the rich, the rich long for the tranquillity of the poor. It consists not in what we possess, but in what we hope to enjoy. The mind escapes from reality, and flies from one flower of fancy to another; and though forced to recur to the vexations with which it is surrounded, it again rallies out upon new excursions.

"Return then, my son, to your peaceful occupation, nor seek by mixing with the world, to share its calamities. Learn resignation to the evil, and contentment with the good of thy lot, and with diligence prepare thyself for the hour of death, and for the bliss of immortality."

The hermit ceased, and they retired to rest; and as soon as the morning dawned, Agib returned to his father's house, in the valley of Zagen.

USEFUL.

DURABLE DYES,

At the late meeting of the 'Columbian Agricultural Society,' at Georgetown a premium of twenty dollars was adjudged to Mrs. Martha P. Graham, for the best specimens of durable dyes. The following are the receipts which accompanied her specimens:

To dye Scarlet.

One pound of madder (fresh gathered from the garden) will dye two pounds of wool. The wool must be washed clean, then boiled about fifteen minutes in strong alum water; the madder is to be boiled in thin bran water, the bran being carefully strained from the water. The wool dipped from the alum water, and put in the bran water, must be boiled fifteen or twenty minutes, and washed out in soft soap and after it is cool. By leaving out the alum it dies a good brown colour.

To make a Crimson colour.

To two gallons of the juice of Poke berries, when they are quite ripe, and half a gallon of strong vinegar, made of the wild crab apple, to dye one pound of wool, which must be first washed very clean with hard soap. The wool, when wrung dry, is to be put into vinegar and poke berry juice, and simmered in a poor vessel for one hour—then take out the wool and let it drip a while, and spread it in the sun. The vessel must be free from grease of any kind.

To make an Orange colour.

Take a quantity of Touch-me-not, gathered on the stems, and bruise it well in a wooden mortar—on layers of touch-me-not and wool alternately pour rain water or soft water from a spring, until they are coloured—let it stand 24 hours—then have ready strong lather of soft soap, and wash it out and put it immediately in the sun to dry. Salmon colour may be made by using hard soap instead of soft. These colours brighten by washing.

Touch-me-not is found in low place, the stem is pale green, and the flower nearly of the colour that it dies. It grows as high as six feet.

NEAT PUN.

A man praising sack, said that it was such excellent drink, that though taken in great quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen it make you fat," replied the other. "When?" enquired the eulogist. "Why, last night—upon your stick."

Remark—'Tis more trouble to do ill, than to do well.

CANONET.

The sail o'er the ocean hoisted,
His twinkling mast, his canvas torn;
While night-shades invoke the sky,
Await the dawn of his anxious eye;
Yet, should the well-known pilot light,
The breaking clouds, burst forth a gleam;
His fears dispelled, the joyful crew
Transported, hail his guiding star.

Thus, vast on life's tempestuous sea,
The dashed prospect fears on may
Within my bottom dubious care,
And sea-fraught tempestuous sea;
Spread o'er my mind a somber gloom,
And seem to smother my doom;
But yet, appears (ho! distant far)
Amidst the gloom, a little star.

His cheering light I thy welcome ray
Can drive these terrors far away—
It points to happier scenes of joy.
No more shall, no can I sing—
Where tender hearts for ever pine,
The ravaged bliss of mutual love—
To follow thee, I'll nobly dare,
And bless my faithful guiding star.

The charms of mind, of form of face,
Those bewitching charms that Celis grace,
Exquisite in a breast desire,
And tendrest wishes all inspire!
But, while these prompt me to obtain,
I tremble lest I find them vain,
Yet, modest hope, exulting spies
A friendly beam in Celis' eyes.

WOMAN.

Perhaps no language can produce a more elegant tribute paid to the fair sex, than that by Dr. Young, in 'The Force of Religion,' a Divine Poem, on the face of the irresistible Lady Jane Gray.

'Virtue is beauty. But when charms of mind,
With elegance of moral form are join'd,
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all below of heav'n we may view,
And all but adoration is your due.'

SONNET

Occasioned by a complication of troubles.

Ah, happy hours! untold by sick care!
When on the smiling cheek glow'd boy health;
When the black ill-fate mark'd me yet to live;
Their murky signs had shewn not e'en by sick care!

Ah, happy hours! I sorrowing, veriest,
Whilst fickle fortune marks my chequer'd way;
And points the road that thine destiny is to mine
Where sullen gloom, clouds each sun-eating day.

'Farewell! farewell!' an inward voice repeats—
A long farewell! my tutor's lips reply—
No transient ray of hope my soul elates,
E'en now some vengeful demon whistles 'dear!'

Say, ye who read futurity's dark omens,
What prospects wait me when beyond the tomb?
Z. O.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS

A due sense of the grandeur of man's nature and destination, is a good bulwark against the frequent and violent assaults of temptation.

The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity—yet there is still a greater which is the good man that comes to relieve it.

DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER'S—II.

You have heard of the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, and will of course conclude that a large vessel is interesting in all of its details. It was not for the sake of the Duke's canal to this town—The Canal from Manchester and Liverpool, and in the distance of 20 miles, were these two towns there is no bridge, the canal proceeds on a level, or near it, and is not only and it passes over hills, and crosses the river Mersey, and at the same moment, boats may be seen passing under the arches of the canal along the river, and other boats floating over the arches, and crossing the river, as if it were the same river over a river! Near of a mile, a roof is nearly raised over a quarter of a mile, and when I placed myself at one end and looked, the sound was reiterated with a deep rolling echo, dying at length at the other end. By means of a junction with other canals, a water communication is secured between Liverpool and Hull, and Liverpool and London, and of course between Manchester, Hull and London.

Stillman's Travels.

An officer, who was quartered in a country town, being once asked to a ball, was observed to sit, restless and sad, in a corner, for some hours. One of the ladies present, being desirous of knowing him from his answers, accused him with "Pray, are you not fond of dancing?" "I am very fond of dancing, Madam," was the reply. "Then why do not some of the ladies that are disappointed to be your partner, and strike up?" "Who, madam, to be frank with you, I do not see one handsome woman in the room." "Sir, you're wrong," said the lady, and with a slight courtesy, left him and joined her partner, who asked her what had been her conversation with the captain. "It was too good to be repeated in prison," (said she) "and I am a peasant, and I will try to give you the outline in rhyme."

'So, sir, you really row and sweep,
You'll dance with none that are not fair—
Suppose we women should disagree—
Our hearts to none but men of sense;
'Suppose I will, madam, pray what then?
'Why, sir, you'd never dance again.'

MOMENTO MORI!

A YACHTSMAN.

'MOMENTO MORI!' is the lesson, or rather the advice every thing presents us with a daily hour, minutely! We acknowledge its fitness; that is, to say we do, but we impeach our own veracity by adopting in our notions its reverse!

We have picked up a strange taste of disorganizing every thing serious; and Religion is as little concerned now in the city as at court; and men's pretences as theologians, and make crowds of their ears, while they justly proceed, turn philosophy, and refuse all credence. Well, sir, go on—But *Memento Mori!* still intrude itself whether you like it or not. You need not go to church to read it in the tales of death; you may read it in the song, in the dance and the sound of the labor. Every thing presents *Memento Mori!* But why need I speak? Have ye not seen and the prophets and ye heard them then? In my then ye will not heed me! Yet ye will not heed me! Should ye paint an inch thick to this mad ye come at last!

'TIP-KNOT—COME DOWN!

A zealous itinerant preacher once determined to bring down the high head-dresses on top-dresses, then in fashion among the ladies, and for this purpose, one Sunday took his text, which he said was to be found in Matthew, xiv. chapter, and 17th verse: 'The knot-come down!' From this text, so strikingly quaint, the good man undertook to prove that top-dresses, like all other extravagant fashions, profusely offensive to the Deity; that there was a divine inter-

From which this column article—and that the want of a vengeance would inevitably follow. The learned justices who presided in the use of these weapons were astonished that they had never before noticed this appropriate text. Upon examining the text, they found the following: "And for as much as the law is not to be despised, so take heed of the law." But as all the learned and thoughtful of scrip- ture support the tenets of a particular sect, or to enforce a favorite doctrine, nothing can be found more extravagantly impious than this.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1841.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

Thurs. the grist mill, and distillery of Samuel Burr, near Hartford—lost 3000 dollars—entirely.

The dwelling house of Capt. David Pulcifer, Plymouth, with its contents, and a woman considerably burnt.

An earthquake was felt a few days since at New and Bridgeport.

Cure for the Asthma.—We have been requested by a benevolent correspondent who has long been greatly relieved, to publish a communication containing a receipt of the great efficacy of the Root of Nardus in the cure of that distressing disorder the Asthma, but we have not procured one. The process is extremely simple, the root is dried and smoked by the patient, at night, and relief has been found immediately. It is fragrant and no fears need be entertained of any poisonous quality in it thus used.

* Vulpine called Apple pear, Devil's apple, and kindred.

Continued.

A DEVIL INCARNATE.

Dr. Muer, of the South Carolina House of Representatives, gave notice on the 1st. inst. that he would ask leave to introduce a bill, making the punishment of Death on all such persons who shall wilfully murder any negro or person of color, within the limits of that state. We hope that the legislature of Virginia, now in session, will turn their attention also to this subject. For Fidd's case proves incontrovertibly that the laws, in that respect, are defective, and need for reform.

Within the last 16 or 18 months, a negro woman belonging to the estate of the late Henry L. Davies, Esq. of Bedford county, ran away from his field, to whom she had been hired, and sought refuge and protection from one of her mother's sons. Mr. Davies carried the wench back to his field, and with mild language, exhorted her to amend her ways, and to a fine then gave up his passion, which appeared to be recovered on rebuilding the wench brought again under his authority. Exclamations and sighs were used, even in the presence of Davies, which were carried literally, but alas! unfortunately into effect after his departure. A strong decoction of pepper and tobacco was deliberately prepared—(Read it, ye men of humanity!)—and it was given to the wench. The wench was wrapped and tied up, and scored, and cut, and boiled, and bathed and fomented with the a-

fore said decoction! and then stored in a cut- tress, and again from cut, and thus alternated until Mr. Davies' notion of moral discipline and every cure was completely gained! There she, unhurt, crawled to a small branch near the house, to allay the anguish of her sufferings by the application of a little cold water she did so—here the poor thing expired! and death relieved her from this unfortunate victim from the merciless hands of a cruel tyrant!

The counsel maintained the master's right to correct the slave, and that there was no precise limit set for every crime. He also maintained, that although the correction should even taste in death, or that death should ensue, yet, on the other hand, the master to kill was plainly proved, the crime did not amount to or constitute murder.

Sophistry, not reason or justice, was in this case successful, and instead of being sent to the other world he has been sent to the penitentiary for TWO YEARS!

Lynchburg &c.

A FEMALE WANDERER.

About three men has since, came to the Shaker Village, near this place, a young lady in a state of mental derangement, about 17, or 18 years old; of a middle stature, a good figure, fair complexion, very dark brown hair and eye-brows, full, expressive, dark blue eyes, high, round forehead, and very regular features. She has two small scars on the back of her neck, and a small scar on the back of her left hand. She appears at all times graceful, and discovers a good education and superior talents. Four weeks since she came to her room, but cannot distinctly remember any thing past; she states her name to be Mary Seven, that her father, William Stevens, living in Lebanon Creek, Connecticut; that he married her stepmother, widow Mary Leonard, of Norwich, Connecticut, when she was 7 years old; that she has lived with her at Windsor, Vt. that she was at school with Miss Hind, of Providence, R. I. where she resides her only uncle, Samuel Sabins; that her brother William Stevens, is an attorney at Portland, Maine, and that her sister Clara, married Ebenezer Lawrence, a merchant of Portland; she is a twin sister to Sarah Stevens, and has several younger brothers and sisters. She neither recollects when, nor where she left her friends; is extremely anxious and fears her delirium will return before they find her.

Any person possessing information respecting her friends, are requested to write immediately to Mr. Samuel Gale, Post Master in this village, and that her friends will lose no time in relieving those individuals who are protecting and supporting her.

Troy, (N.Y.) Dec 25, 1840.

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner cisterns raised, & put in the ground and warranted tight by C. ALFORD, No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

PLAYING CARDS

Best American, and English Playing Cards, by the Pack, or dozen, For sale at No. 5, Fleet-Street.

HUTCHINSON'S improved and WOOD'S Alma-acks for 1841, by the gross, dozen or single one.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, the 21st inst at Greenwich Conn. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. David Kimball, of the house of David & Kimball, of this city & Miss Eliza F. of the former place.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Noah Burdick, to the amiable Miss Eliza Knapp, daughter of Mr. Abraham Knapp, of this city.

In this city, Henry Jackson to Miss Rebecca Whorton—Peter Rogers, to Miss Mary Cook—At Chatham, Francis Tange Leggett, Esq. to Miss Martha Wood Motte—John Halpin, to Miss Ann Catherine Walsh.

In New Jersey, D. John B. Beech, to Miss Eliza C. Hargrove—Ugal C. Hargrove, to Miss Jane C. Armstrong—John C. Robin, to Miss Jane Vanhook—John Duckworth, to Miss Hannah Hulse—William Ayres, to Miss Abigail Doolittle—John Fennell, to Miss Sarah Bailey—David Read, to Miss N. Perry—Joseph Hargrove, to Miss Mary Hunt, and Dr. Frederick A. Fize, to Miss Rebecca B. Smith.

By the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Christopher Sammis, to the amiable Miss Mahitable Seymour, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

DIED.

On Sunday morning, the 31st inst, after a short illness, Mr. Samuel M. Orr, aged 31 years.

On Monday morning, after a painful and lingering illness, Mr. Peter Brice-Korff, merchant, of this city, aged 33 years.

On Tuesday morning after a painful and lingering illness which he bore with christian resignation, Benjamin Donovan, in the 22d year of his age.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. John Harbes, late of Albany, aged 66 years.

On Wednesday morning last, of a short illness Mrs. Mary McDuffie, aged 73 years.

At Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, on Thursday Jan 21, M. J. Maria Benda, the discreet and much respected governess of that seminary, and the amiable, affectionate and highly valuable consort of the Reverend Andrew Benda.

SALES AT AUCTION. BY ROBERT ARMSTRONG & CO. Monday 11th inst.

At 1 o'clock opposite the Tentone Coffee House, a Farm or tract of land, containing one hundred and twelve acres, situated in the county of Ulster, being part of lot No 150 in the Great Hardenburgh Patent, subject from and after the 1st July 1843 to an annual rent of one shilling per acre—Terms at the time of sale—Title indisputable.

Tuesday 12th Feb.

At 12 o'clock on the premises, 4 years unexpired lease from the 25th March next, of the house and lot of ground corner of Greenwich and Beach streets—the lot is 20 feet in Greenwich street and 36 on Beach street. The house is a frame building, two stories high, covering the lot in front on Greenwich street, has four rooms with fire places and bed rooms, an entry, cellar, kitchen, a good cistern, and other conveniences, has been occupied for several years as a grocery store, and is considered a good stand for that business—it is free from rent, and the improvements become the property of the purchaser at the expiration of the lease—Terms 1-4 cash, 1-4 in 6 months, the residue in 2 years with interest secured by bond and mortgage on the premises—Possession given the 1st of May.

Wednesday

At 11 o'clock in the yard along side of John Townsend's stores, west side of Georges slip, 75 logs of Mahogany from the brig Paul Sherman, many of which are crotch and viner logs, in lots of 4 or 5 logs, upon liberal terms, which will be made known on the day of sale.

COURT OF APOLLO.

To a friend, expressing a wish to Travel.

Dost thou, then, listening to the traveller's tale
Of mountain wilds, and towns of ancient fame,
And spacious bays, and streams renewed of name,
That roll their plenty through the freshened vale,
Dost thou thank him to voyage far away,
And visit other lands, that thou may'st view
These varied scenes so beautiful and new?
Thou dost not know how sad it is to stray
Amid a foreign land, thyself unknown,
And when o'erwearied with the toilsome day,
To rest at eve and feel thyself alone.
Delightful sure it is at early morning
To see the sun beam shine on scenes so fair,
And when the eve the mountain's heights adorning,
Sinks slow, unpurpling the luxuriant air—
Pleasant it is at times like these to roam;
But would'st thou not at night, confined within
Thy foul, and comfortless, and lonely inn,
Remember with a sigh thy joys of home?

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

HOW sad the task to mourn a sister gone,
And yet, dear Fanny, must that task be ours;
We'll weep together o'er her lowly tomb,
And strew her grave with wreaths of early flowers.

There shall the violet rare its simple head,
The mock-eyed primrose, and the cowslip too;
There shall the rose its vernal odors shed,
The spotless lily and the hurebell blue.

No rude unhallowed weed shall choke the soil
Where the cold form of one we lov'd is laid;
But there shall dew, now salate with his spoil,
Stay his fell hand, to view the wreck he made.

Nor youth, nor beauty then had power to save
The lovely victim from his tyrant way;
But soon shall rise triumphant from his grave,
And soar to regions of eternal day!

And, when at evening's silent hour we bend
Our pensive steps towards Elysia's tomb,
Thine blessed spirit of our sainted friend
Shall bid us cease to weep her early doom.

W. C.

STANZAS

Written on the following line from Chaucer:

"Hard is the herte that loveth nought."

As slow the waning year retires,
The wild-wood warblers lose their fires,
Long shall they rest on binely wing,
Far from their mates till June's spring
Again the month of love has brought;
But man kind Nature's gifts to prove
Through every month the power of Love;
Hard is his heart that loveth nought.

And I, who once in frolic mood,
With wild and witless hardihood,
Julia unknown, would mock the woe
Which mock only faithful lovers know.
When first I saw her face, I thought—
"If sight on earth so angel bright—
"Can charm the soul to soft delight,
"Hard is the heart that loveth nought."

Torn from thy circling arms afar,
To pine beneath the eastern star,
As e'er thy lingering eyes I turn
To see thee my departure mourn—
"Too dear thy love can ne'er be bought,
Sweet soul—sigh; thou ne'er shall run;

"I deem'd his heart that loveth untrue
"More hard than his that loveth nought."

NEAT PUNS.

A wag observing a subscription paper for a periodical work under the title of the "Angler" writes at the bottom: "John Collins, Fish street, 1000 copies"—Another with, with equal humour, adds, "the above is certainly an odd fish, but he is by no means a silly one."

New Novels for sale at the Office,

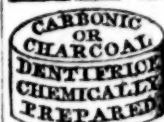
Scottish Chiefs
Dominican
Calculus in search of a Wife
Aline Mowbray
Bravo of Venice
Leonora
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.
ALSO,
just received a neat pocket Edition of Young's
Night Thoughts, price 75 cents.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at his Office

GISTERS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight by
DUNN AND ROTHNEY,
SWEETSTREET,
Two doors from Pearl-Street
April 4 1840—

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,
Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Cheap,
AT No. 5, PECK-SLIP.



JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Nephros ultra Vars, with three blades also, incognitum bonum and refined steel of a fine quality; gentlemen's portable shaving cases, and ladies and gentlemen's Japanese razors. Cases of different sizes for sale by Nations at Smith Chemical Perfumery from London, at the Golden House No 130 Broadway corner of Liberty Street.

Also the following articles as usual with many other too numerous to mention: Kase oil Antique for curling thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—chemical cosmetic wash balls his fine cosmetic cold cream cleans and prevents the skin from chapping, odors of roses for smelling bottles Smiths improved chymical milk of roses Smiths pomade de Graves for thickening the hair, violet soap Smiths tooth paste warranted his superior white hair powder violet rose Ja 61 Smiths royal paste for washing the skin Smiths highly improved hard and soft pomatum Smiths balsamic lip salve Rogers Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified alpine shaving cake, made on chemical principle to help the operation of shaving Smiths celebrated corn plaster elastic wood and rubber Garter, salt of lemon for taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor straps shaving boxes Penhines razors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c. Great allowances to those who buy to sell again. Tooth Powder and opiate black pin tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender alcohol honey Hungary rose Jessamin Eau de stiel and Eau Tave water shaving powder—court plaster &c. &c. Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,
FOR
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FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

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This evening at half past 5 o'clock, a valuable collection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History, Tracts, Novels &c.

A B There will be sales of Books on every Saturday Evening, through the season, commencing on the day of Sale

CHANCEY SALE,
On the 4th of March

Tuesday 19 Feb

Trustee Sale of Real Estate.

At 1 o'clock at the Tontine Coffee House, 9 Lots of Ground in the 10th Ward, fronting on Norfolk Street and Suffolk streets, known on a map of was made by William Badger, by No. 1234 56 789 & 10 which may be seen at the Coffee House Terms on the day of sale

F Wilson } Trustees for John I
F Arden } Arden
G Wilson }
F Wilson Jun }

At Private Sale.
4 qr casks London Particular Madeira wine for immediate family use.

Thomas Demarest and Daniel Hueser & Co - W. H. Ham Todd and others.

At 1 o'clock at the Tontine Coffee House, the House and Lot of Ground No 5 Grand street known by Lot Number 100, on a map of the property of the late Mr. Cannon, in the 7th Ward. The House is 10 stories high and brick front. For Particulars, see the notice of F. G. Hildreth, Esq. Master in Chancery, published in the Columbian.

FOR SALE,

A FARM.

Situated at Whitplains, within three miles of Maroonck and Ryneck Landing on the said Farm is a dwelling house, having five rooms on the 1st floor, 2 of which are not finished, a good building and a Barn, Corncrib and Blacksmith Shop and other building.

The Farm is well watered within a few yards of the door is a well of excellent water. The Farm contains 63 Acres of good land, including about 10 Acres of Woodland and a good Orchard with about One Hundred Barrels of Elder may be made yearly, most of the said Farm is stone fenced.

For further particulars apply to
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Run away from the subscriber, a Black woman named Hannah, all persons are forewarned against harbouring her.

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